The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing.
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Clow

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcienc
this Iewe my Maſter: the fiend is
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe,*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe your le
way; my conſcience ſayes no, take
heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid
not runne, ſcorne running with thy
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes th
for the heavens rouſe up a brave mi
well, my conſcience hanging about
very wiſely to me: my honeſt frie
mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt wo
Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſom
of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *La*
the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſ
counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you counſ
ſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe
the marke) is a kinde of devill; and
I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, wh
devill himſelfe: certainly the Iew i
and in my conſcience, my conſcienc
ence, to offer to counſaile me to ſta
gives the more friendly counſaile:
are at your commandement, I will

Enter old Gobbo wi

Gobbo. Maſter young-man, you
to maſter Iewes?
Launcelet. O heavens, this is my
ing more then ſand blinde, high gra
will try confuſions with him.
Gobbo. Maſter young Gentlema
to Maſter Iewes.
Launcelet Turne up on your ri
but at the next turning of all on yo
turning turne of no hand, but turne
houſe.